



THE WESLEYAN



Commencement

THE WESLEYAN

Ad Astra per Aspera

WESLEYAN COLLEGE

MACON, GEORGIA

Volume XLV

MAY

1935



The Wesleyan is Published Quarterly by the Students at
Wesleyan College, Subscription Price, One Dollar a
Semester. Single Copy, Twenty-Five Cents.

*Entered as second-class matter at
the post office at Macon, Georgia*

The Staff

Elizabeth Baldwin EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Marie Haley BUSINESS MANAGER

Elizabeth Moseley ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER

Helen Smart SENIOR LITERARY EDITOR

Helen Smith SENIOR ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Helen Pafford JUNIOR ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Alice Cook JUNIOR LITERARY EDITOR

Helen Jones FRESHMAN LITERARY EDITOR

Hazel Birch SOPHOMORE LITERARY EDITOR

Edwina Pringle EXCHANGE EDITOR

Rose Peagler FEATURE EDITOR

Katherine Wink CIRCULATION MANAGER

Table of Contents

Editorials

| | |
|--|---|
| With the Great Wide World Before Them..... | 7 |
|--|---|

Familiar Essay

| | |
|----------------------------------|----|
| I Love Bores by Hazel Birch..... | 19 |
|----------------------------------|----|

Feature Article

| | |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| The Bell Witch by Susanne Wilson..... | 8 |
|---------------------------------------|---|

Plays

| | |
|------------------------------|----|
| Booming! by Alice Cook | 14 |
|------------------------------|----|

Poetry

| | |
|---|----|
| Diffusion by Alberta Trulock | 9 |
| A Plea For Favor | 13 |
| Loud Moonlight by Sara Hammonds..... | 13 |
| I Saw the Moon by Frances Houser..... | 13 |
| Because by Helen Smart | 13 |
| I Know by Frances Houser | 13 |
| Going On by Frances Houser..... | 23 |
| Sunset and Evening Star by Helen Hall..... | 24 |
| Star-light Star-bright by Sara Hammonds..... | 24 |
| Apologies To Dorothy Parker by Frances Houser..... | 24 |
| Day in May by Frances Houser..... | 24 |
| Revolt Against Child Psychology by Elizabeth Baldwin | 25 |
| The Tale of a Modern Match by Sara Bell..... | 26 |
| Scribes Page | 27 |
| To My Verse by Helen Smart | 28 |

Short Stories

| | |
|------------------------------------|----|
| "Peter" by Helen Marie Smith..... | 10 |
| The Game by Helen Marie Smith..... | 20 |

Introducing The New Staff

Amy ClecklerEDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Geraldine GarrettBUSINESS MANAGER

Alice HinsonSENIOR ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Rose PeaglerJUNIOR LITERARY EDITOR

Helen JonesSOPHOMORE LITERARY EDITOR

Margaret EvansFEATURE EDITOR

Frances TownsendCIRCULATION MANAGER

Burden Smith & Co.

Wishes You
A Pleasant Summer

The J. W. Burke Co.

Printers Stationers

Greeting Cards
Graduation and
Party Favors

Macon, Georgia

Wesleyannes Vacation Days Are Just Ahead

You will be needing cool summer
Clothes and we want you to know
that you will find the smartest of
the new summer fashions at Neels—

Spectator Sports Frocks
Sheer Afternoon Frocks
New Party Frocks
New Millinery Modes
Underwear, Hosiery
Bags.

You will be delighted with the styles
and values
2nd Floor

JOS. N. NEEL CO.

WELCOME WESLEYAN

"May Sale of Luggage"

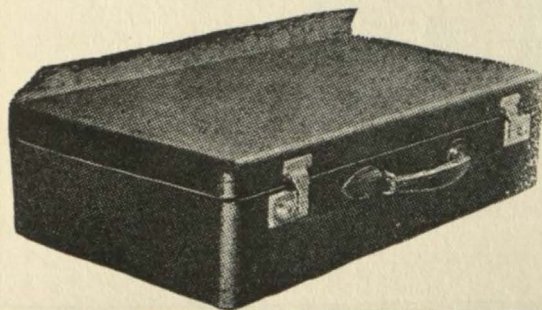
\$15.00, \$12.50 & \$13.50 Values
Choice For \$9.95

Initials Engraved
FREE

21 in. Fitted Tray Case
18 in. Wardrobe Hat Box
18 in. Fitted Over-Night Case
21 in. Blouse Case
Good Quality of Leather in Black or Brown

If you're Planning a vaca-
tion trip, now's the time
to buy!

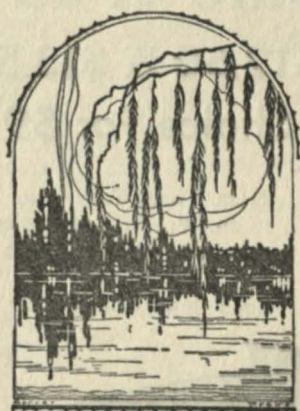
**THE
UNION**



Foreword

"And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
And pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
Came in slow pomp;—the moving pomp might seem
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

—From Shelley's *ADONIS*



With The Great Wide World Before Them

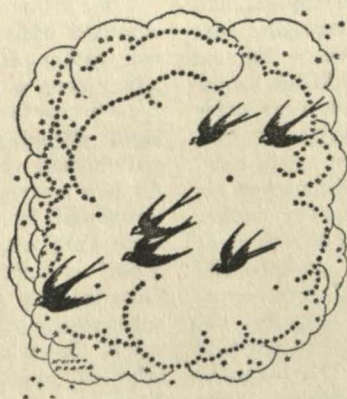
AN EDITORIAL

May is the time to forecast the future of millions of American students who are being graduated from the colleges and universities of the country. They have the peculiar association of starting life with a fresh outlook, with a world ready for their conquest, with unlimited abilities for the conquest.

College has educated them, or so it is usually accepted, although some realize that college has been merely preparation. Some of the nation's seniors will be famous writers or statesmen or scientists or any other office which the world has to offer to youth and intelligence and enthusiasm. Whatever their fame or obscurity, their education has inculcated in them the ideals of the ages and they are ready to bring about great things, taking the best of all time and combining it to form the best possible contemporary world.

Older generations are rejuvenated by the force of youth looking forward. As long as young people have faith, as long as their enthusiasm is infectious, then cynicism and decay can never overcome civilization.

As long as millions of people have the great wide world before them.



The Bell Witch

By SUSANNE WILSON

Do you believe in ghosts?

Doubtless your answer is no. In that case you would not have been interested in the short news story that appeared in the paper of a small Tennessee town about a week ago, announcing the death of young Mrs. J. D. Downer, formerly Martha Eliza Bell of Bell Station, Tennessee, even had you known the story of the Bell Witch so closely connected with her untimely death.

In case you don't know the story and scoff at tales of witches and ghosts, let me recount some of the best known incidences in the history of this ghost. If you have heard the story and have merely forgotten, allow me to refresh your memory.

Many years before the Civil War, Eliza Bell had her fortune read in the tea leaves by an old negro mammy on the Bell plantation just prior to her marriage to Gus Stevens. The old darky glanced once at the leaves, then begged the girl not to marry, for if she did, she said she saw either death or insanity for her, and that her spirit would return to "hant" someone. The girl only laughed, claiming disbelief in such things, and blithely went on with her plans. She married Gus Stevens, and true to the old darky's prophecy, she was killed by being thrown from a horse a year after her marriage, leaving her baby girl, Eliza. Her husband married again soon, and on the day of the wedding when his bride was being dressed by her mother and several negro servants, the ghost of Eliza returned. That was perhaps the most wierd dressing a bride ever experienced. The hair pins were pulled out of the girl's hair by an unseen hand as soon as they were put in. The snaps on her dress refused to stay fastened. When the veil was put in place and securely pinned, it was jerked from her head, taking several long strands of hair with it. The negroes became so frightened that they fled from the house, refusing

to return. Then, as she came slowly down the steps to meet her prospective husband, she was violently pushed from the steady protection of her father's hand, and fell headlong down the steps!

Well may you smile, but the Bell Witch was in it's infancy then, it had many years in which to torment one person from each family of the Bell's and favor another.

This second Mrs. Stevens lead a miserable life. Eliza's ghost gave her no peace—she would pinch her, stick with pins, trip her, pull her hair, and even slap her, leaving the ugly red prints of her fingers on her cheek! But like Eliza, this young girl's happiness was short lived. Her husband died at the end of the first year of their marriage, and the circumstances surrounding his death were most peculiar. He died from no apparent physical ailment, but seemed to have been smothered to death as he slept in a swing in the yard. Some say that Eliza's ghost took him to be with her—that she smothered him. Not long after this, however, young Mrs. Stevens died giving birth to a daughter.

The little Eliza seemed to lead a charmed life, protected by the spirit of her mother. When someone attempted to administer a dose of the well known "peach tree tea" to the child, an invisible hand stayed the hand that held the switch, and the child went unpunished. At her marriage however, she too was tormented by her mother's ghost, and from then until the end of a year and a half of married life when she too died from injuries resulting from a fall from a horse she was made miserable by the witch. She too, had made the fatal mistake of naming her infant daughter Eliza, and from then on all girls in the family bearing this name were made miserable by the Bell Witch, as she was now called.

She appeared in dreams to members of the family before weddings; she came

in person to each member of the family just before his death and warned them of the approaching end—an end that always proved to be violent.

The last direct descendant of Eliza was Tish Bell, who lived and died a bachelor lady—the Bell Witch had done her work well—no one would marry Miss Tish because of the family ghost. That sounds preposterous in a civilized land in the midst of cultured people, but it is all too true.

So Miss Tish taught school at the Bell Station school, becoming a crabbid, sour old lady, old before her time. On Miss Tish's forty-seventh birthday the school house burned, and when it was rebuilt her services were not asked again. But the good people had not reckoned with Miss Tish, for she went at night and moved among the desks and touched them caressingly and talked to her imaginary pupils. Then on the night that Miss Tish died the school house burned and was never rebuilt.

Now you may again scoff and say that you don't believe in ghosts and witches, but whenever the moon was bright, Miss Tish and the first Eliza could be seen walking among the ruins of the school house. I know, because my grandmother and great aunt visited the Bells shortly after the death of Miss Tish and saw them. They even insisted that the two sons of the Bell's go out one night and investigate. As soon as the boys came within eighty yards of the ruins they were unable to see the two figures, but

could clearly hear them moving about and whispering. However, the figures were still clearly visible to those watching from the house, and they seemed to be trying to engage the boys in conversation.

For many years there has been no Eliza Bell, and people had forgotten about the Bell Witch since the talk died down that was caused by the suppression of a book about the Witch by the Bell family. So you may not have heard about her if you have never lived in Kentucky or Tennessee, or you might have forgotten, though I hardly see how. Certainly you could not have forgotten if you had the figure of the first Eliza constantly before you as I or any inhabitant of South Kentucky has, for there she stands, in the window of the Bell honeymoon house in Elkton, Kentucky, where she was wont to watch for her husband to return from town each day. The window has been painted over both inside and out to prevent the figure from being seen from the road, but she still stands there, plainly visible, watching and waiting in a house that has been vacant for sixty-seven years. For after all, no one wishes to intrude on the privacy of a ghost.

But now after all these years, another Eliza Bell has died—died as did the first Eliza, by being thrown from a horse. And once more the question arises—will the next Eliza in line, now a baby, also be cursed and tormented by the Bell Witch?

But of course you don't think so, for you don't believe in ghosts!

DIFFUSION

*Souls are such ponderous mysteries.
Viewed as a whole they baffle any man.
'Tis Life's ragged, crystal prism
That diffuses the soul's veiled light,
And crushes it to rainbow particles—
Each soft hue a bit of soul's glow
That even man may comprehend.*

—Alberta Trulock '38.

"Peter"

By HELEN MARIE SMITH

"Ach Christ." Peter moaned, pushing back his stubborn grey locks in hopeless dejection. With his one good arm he hoisted himself into a better position against the pillow at his back. Desperately he looked about the barren room—at the cold white walls, at the single worn rocker, at the naked window, at his useless legs outlined grotesquely beneath the sheet, and finally at his friend perched on the foot of the bed.

"It is —, I try to say —" He paused groping for the words. Nervously he stroked that other arm lying like a dead thing in his lap. His face set in hard lines as he struggled fiercely to remember. His breath shortened painfully. The lines on his forehead and around his eyes deepened in scowling concentration. The blue lips moved inaudibly as he fought the numbness in his mind. "Virgen Santa," he mumbled in anguish. "Virgen Santa." His piercing glance roved wildly, resentfully about the narrow space of his room, probing the very corners for a suggestion of the idea he sought. Savagely he rubbed the dark neglected growth on his face. "Jesus, Jesus," he implored. And the clear grey eyes filled with desperate tears of defeat. "It is no good," he admitted brokenly. "I do not remember." And the shaggy head bowed shamefully, despairingly.

Sarah waited in sympathetic silence. "Never mind, Peter," she murmured finally. "I think I understand."

"Understand," he repeated blankly. "Understand, Bah." The grey head jerked back scornfully. His fevered eyes flashed bitterly. "What do you know about it?" he demanded hoarsely. "What do you know about it?"

"Tell me, Peter," she said quietly.

He paused considering, and then laughed shortly. "It's a joke," he admitted finally, "and on me." I'm buried here and yet I do not die. Fate mocks me. I hear the wild surge of waves in the night, and the dark is filled with

ghost-white sails. Phantom ships glide on to anchor on sandless bars. Dreams, all dreams," he acknowledged angrily.

"Oh, Peter, I know." Sarah's eyes burned mistily.

"The piercing oaths of divers ring in my ears, and the — —" Peter stopped abruptly, his words gone. His face reddened in a mighty effort to continue. Perspiration stood in heavy beads on his forehead. The cords of his neck swelled dangerously. Revengefully he pounded on that defenseless arm.

"And the pungent, sickening smell of sponges drying comes to you, alone," Sarah quickly filled in the gap with an easy intuition born of love. "Schooners lumber heavily into port filled with the catch of months. They grate harshly against wooden piers. Women throng the docks shrieking a staccato welcome."

Peter listened and nodded mutely. Slowly he relaxed.

"The frenzied excitement of a holy festival echoes in memory," she continued gently. "Before dreaming eyes a burning cross blazes triumphantly."

"Yes, yes," Peter acquiesced speaking finally. "You know. How is that?"

"I don't know, Peter," Sarah answered. The warmth of her secret shining in her eyes. "Perhaps it's because I've known you so long."

"You have been my good friend—the only one I have," he added with the old touch of bitterness. "And you're a woman too."

"All women aren't bad," Sarah reminded him gently.

"No?" he questioned, with a sardonic lift in his voice.

"No," she echoed firmly, convincingly. "You've known the wrong ones, Peter."

The wrong one, perhaps. I know but one." He laughed mockingly. Yet it was not a laugh either.

"We warned you, Peter. I warned you." Sarah pleaded. "She wanted nothing but money."

"She has it," Peter acknowledged with a cruel smile twisting his grey lips. "All I had. It was worth it maybe—her lovely soft body, her Gypsy eyes." He drifted into a cruel reflective silence. "Lies! Lies! he said huskily. "She made me think of beautiful things, but she was ugly." A distorted hate spread over his face.

"Peter," Sarah implored.

"Forgive. I forgot myself," he mumbled. "You have been good to me." He forced a feeble smile of gratitude. "You have been very kind." But it wasn't gratitude she wanted.

"Not at all, Peter," she smiled brightly. "I'm your friend."

"My friend, yes." He gazed at her almost pleadingly. "Don't leave me. Don't ever leave me. It's the horrible loneliness. I — — —" He paused ashamed of his appeal perhaps. "Talk to me," he commanded briefly.

"I've brought you some things," she obeyed readily, and pulled open a box at her feet. "Here are some bananas—the best Tony had, and a new razor." She placed them within his reach, chatting bravely against his despondency. He toyed with the things idly, tumbling the fruit in a heap, tentatively smoothing the edge of the razor.

"Careful, Peter. It's mighty sharp," Sarah warned, but too late. The razor slipped from his fingers, dropping on the quiet hand in his lap, leaving its long, light scar slowly reddening there.

"Oh, Peter, I told you to be careful."

"It doesn't matter," he mumbled, watching her staunch the bright drops. "You know, it didn't hurt. I couldn't feel it." The idea appealed to him curiously. "I couldn't feel it at all."

Sarah turned back to her box. "Here's something you'll like," she announced in a pleased triumph,—a bottle of mustiqua and some cake from Mike's wedding. I know how you like this rotten stuff." And she flashed the brown bottle tantalizingly before him. He smiled a feeble response to her efforts and raised his eyes from that light gash in the back of his hand. "You should have seen Mike, Peter. He was drunk with excitement.

It was a grand affair," she explained enthusiastically. "We ate until—" She paused abruptly, conscious of Peter's changed expression.

"I should have seen Mike. Poor fool."

"Oh," Sarah gasped realizing her mistake. "Here's something I knew would please you," she said hastily, seeking a new subject. And she drew a picture from the bottom of the box, a lovely picture of a four-masted schooner on the high seas. It was a powerful, heavy vessel, not a dainty ship. Grey clouds hung threateningly above, and white caps stood out angrily against the dark waters. The full-bellied sails strained fiercely, victoriously in the wind. Sarah offered him this last gift. He gazed at it fascinated.

"It's a good ship," he nodded leaning forward eagerly—"a good ship." Sarah's heart warmed gladly. Critically he examined every detail, nodding his satisfaction. But the fire soon died from his eyes. "Take it away," he demanded hoarsely.

"But, Peter — —"

"Take it away," he shouted in livid protest. "Por Dios," he moaned, lapsing again into a broken jabber. "Por Dios! It will drive me mad. Can I never forget?" he questioned frantically. "I can feel the cruel pull of ropes in my hands—my hand," he corrected viciously.

"Peter, don't talk like that," Sarah commanded sharply. "You have so much to live for yet."

"So much to live for," he derided bitterly. "This half-dead existence—it's worse than death, and I've no way of ending it." He laughed madly. "I've thought of everything—that's all I do. I dream of life, or of death. What is this hell between? I can't bear it," he moaned. "There's no way of ending it. I can't move to hang myself. I tried to strangle once, but I let go before I died. Fate laughs, yes. But some day I will laugh. I will — —" His voice rose hysterically, then stopped. A purple agony tortured his face.

Sarah quickly took up his thought. "You were born for action, Peter—to live in strength, not weakness. It's hard I

know." Peter was deaf to the quiet voice that flowed gently on. But after awhile he listened. "If you would only let me help you." Sarah ended.

"No, you can not help me; no one can, unless she returns. Sarah knew whom he meant. "Yes, I hate her," he nodded, "but I want her too. It is the only thing I hope for now—that she will come back to me. One by one all other hopes have died. I shall never walk again. I'm alone and poor, but for her. I can't have lost her. There must be a mistake somewhere. Do you know where she is? he questioned anxiously.

"Why, I, — no." Sarah faltered.

"You do know. Where is she?" he demanded imperviously as she hesitated. A new light awakened slowly in his eyes." You don't like her, Sarah, but she's the only one who can bring me happiness now. Where is she?"

"In Cedar Creek, I believe," she admitted reluctantly. Sarah was not good at fabrications.

"You have known all the time," he accused her, "but then I never asked you. Will you write to her? Tell her to come back, if only in pity. I need her."

"Well, Peter, I — —"

"Will you do it?" he interrupted rudely.

"Peter, she's— —" Sarah stopped confused.

"What is it?" he demanded. "What's the matter?"

"I don't believe she can come back," Sarah explained lamely. She's, She's, well, she's with someone else." Sarah forced herself to say. Peter stared at her speechlessly.

"Oh," was all he said. Dumbly he began to stroke that dead arm. The sickly palor of his face deepened. He lifted the arm and let it drop leadenly in his lap. "My last hope was a shadow too," he murmured ironically. "I'm alone, and I dread the loneliness." Sarah's face cried the lie to that, but he was blind. His eyes closed in a suffering too great for another to see. "Leave me alone," he asked with a queer, mocking smile at the last word. Come back later. I—."

"Very well, Peter. I'll be back in an hour or so." She patted his hand briefly and left. There was so much she wanted to tell him. He wasn't alone, if he'd only see that.

Returning an hour later, she peered cautiously through the door before entering. If he were sleeping she wouldn't disturb him. She could just see his grey head resting quietly against the pillows. The blanket over the foot rail screened the rest of his body. He was like a child, she thought, rebelling against restrictions. She smiled tenderly. His hurts scarred her heart too. Somehow she must pierce his armor of bitterness. She turned to leave when she saw his lips moving silently, and she moved to the foot of the bed.

"Peter! What have you done?" she screamed in horror, for the sheets were spotted with crimson. She rushed to his side. "Peter, what is it?" she demanded shrilly.

Silently he lifted his useless arm for her to see. A deep gash lay across the wrist, spurting blood but feebly now. She grasped it fiercely, trying to stop the blood. "Oh, Peter, how did you do it? Why did you do it?" she moaned.

"It's too late," he murmured weakly. — —" The razor—. It was the best gift you ever brought me, Sarah. He laughed weakly, horribly. "I'm laughing now. They can't hold me here any longer," he gasped triumphantly. "The joke's on fate. Death is mine, and it hasn't been painful. I couldn't feel it." He laughed again mockingly, staring at his paralyzed arm still clutched frenziedly in her grasp. "It didn't hurt," he chuckled.

"Oh, Peter."

"Never mind, Sarah," he said faintly, softened by the grief on her face. "You're well rid of me. I'm no good like this. I had already died in here I think." His hand rested above his heart. His smile was pleading, like a child's begging pardon. "I couldn't bear the loneliness." And suddenly he was quiet.

Sarah touched his shoulder gently. "You aren't alone, Peter. I love you. I love you." But he didn't answer.

A PLEA FOR FAVOR

*If you should summon me across the sea,
Or whispers faint should waft your kind
decree,
That unseen dangers taught your heart
to fear
Or once again you held me somewhat
dear.*

*I'd go in haste, and hope, as oft before,
And little reck of peril, time or store—
The sea and air and death itself I'd dare
If I but knew, at last, I'd find you there.*

—Anonymous

I SAW THE MOON

*I saw the moon tonight—
The stately moon
Aloft . . . and riding the clouds.
It tore my heart to shreds,
And hung them fluttering
On a tall pine tree.
But before that time—
I had been standing beneath
A white crab-apple tree . . .
Through the downy blossoms,
One lone star, pricked
The dull red satin of the sky . . .
On the other side—
A white lace net
Framed the great red sphere that was
the moon
Slipping into the pines.
The white crab-apple blossoms
Sifting, gently
Through the fingers of the wind,
And lightly
Falling on my face and hair,
Cooled
Somewhat
The white heat kindled
By the great moon's fire.*

—Frances Houser '38

LOUD MOONLIGHT

*Loud moonlight
Shining in bright
Thunder with a white
Flood beneath, giving
Earth your hue.*

*Silent moon, seeing
All illusion fleeing
Every human being
Tired of living
Cling to you.*

*Loud and silent man, tasting
Every joy of life, wasting
Every chance you have, lasting
Till the change of moon, striving
With the new.*

—Sara Hammonds '37

BECAUSE

*Because your eyes were arrogant and
blue—
Because there was a proud lift to your
head;
Because you wore a crooked, gamin
smile,
And laughed—with head thrown back—
at things I said;
Because your hair was thick and soft
and dark,
And curls grew most unruly at the part;
Because your hands were deft and brown
and sure—
For trifles such as these I lost my heart.*

—Helen Smart '35.

I KNOW

*I know I need not miss your step,
Or listen for your call,
When autumn leaves turn gold again,
And apples fall.*

*Because, my dear, I feel it's time,
High time for you to go,
A quick thrust is the better way,
I know! I know!*

—Frances Houser '38

Booming!

One Act Play

By ALICE COOK

Setting:

Ultra-modern office room in downtown New York—Office of the Spiko-Smoko Tobacco Brewery.

CHARACTERS:

Al Byrd—Brains of the organization.

Tom Jenkins—Brawn of the organization.

Ware—A mildly practical element.

Photographer—possessor of much vim and vigor.

Radio Announcer—"that golden voice."

Mrs. Oswald Remington Heyward

Vance, III—top of the social ladder.

Lord Blushback—English nobleman.

Vanette Marcelle—Imported movie actress (a la France).

Rose Marie Blossom—Beauty contest winner.

Dr. Rufus Warren August Sage, A.B., M.A., Ph.D.—Educator.

Miss Emeline Arid—President Women's Temperance Society.

Reggie Lamar—Tennis champion.

Lang Bell—Radio crooner.

BYRD—(Short active man in midst of nervous jitter).

Shake my hand Ware. In less than 24 hours I'll be head of one of the most up and coming concerns on Wall Street. Reynolds will curse the sun that rose on April 24, 1935. Here (holds up package of cigarettes modernistically designed with "Spiko-Smoko" written conspicuously upon it) have one—from la pack premier!

(Lights one himself and smokes critically).

(Over desk telephone) Hey, Jack, have a few gallons of that scent powder added to the wrappers of the (eyeing box) Burgundy brand. Also as soon as another flavor is ready send it up.

WARE—(seated calmly throughout all this)—But, Byrd, I should think your last flop would—

BYRD—My dear fellow, of course there was no market for Pointless Razors, and anyway we have financial backing for this. It is the most stupendous business concern that ever struck Wall Street. Presently Jenkins will have rounded up some of the most important people in New York. Their testimonials will head our gigantic advertising scheme. Our talking pal, the radio, has everybody in the nation keyed up for this day—(growing super-enthusiastic) and now that it's here and we're on the market—why they'll all bite. I know these Americans. Stock will go like hot cakes and watch every fool in this country buy a pack from the first shipment.

What amazes me is why none ever thought of them before—(picks up paper from desk and reads)—"Alcoholized tobacco—that mild, effective stimulant so necessary for our fast life today—and yet without the unpleasant taste and after effects of alcohol."

WARE—You're brave Byrd, but I'm glad my money is safely tied up in government securities. Well—good luck! (Takes hat and goes).

BYRD—The cautious fool. He'll die on top, but he'll be put under immediately afterward so what's the difference.

(Commotion outside—head appears in door).

JENKINS—Well, here they come Byrd.

(Photographer enters begins to set up camera—Jenkins ushers in a very varied crowd and attempts to seat them).

LORD B.—(at window)—By Jove this view does remind me of the one from The Lord Mayor's window. New York is quite a city. (Byrd has attempted to attract his attention) Oh, beg pardon—I hadn't realized you were ready for me.

BYRD—(speaking to Jenkins who writes rapidly on pad)—Lord Blushback of Rothsburg on Thames, England, en-

thusiastically greets the opening of "Spiko-Smoko." He says, "this unique combination will—

LORD B.—Lighten up the wine bill.

BYRD—(Ignoring him)—Will live on the famous hunts which take place on my estate. "He says that—

LORD B.—Hunts are a bore—

BYRD — (Same Attitude) — "That Spiko-Smoko offers just the right amount of stimuli to make for an effective hunt, and to assure enjoyment to all." He adds that the order of Spiko-Smoko—

LORD B.—Will fumigate the forest so as to assure the absence of any possible fox.

BYRD—(Still of an ignoring mind)—Mingled with that smell of green woods so characteristic of English country-side will make for a more pleasant sport.

MRS. VANCE—(Who has become obviously impatient)—Pardon me but I'm terribly rushed for time today.

BYRD—Certainly, we'll see you right now. Be back to you Lord Blushback. (Lord gives mustache an insulted twist).

MRS. V. — (Elaborately dressed—carrying a pekinese)—I brought Fifi along. I like to pose with him. It brings out the soft lines in my face, and Oswald says it plays up my femininity and maternal instinct. But Fifi detests the order of smoke so I will have to be merely preparing to light one of your eh—what did you call them—"Smello-Smiko."

BYRD—Spiko-Smoko.

MRS. V.—Oh, yes and such a cunning catchy name. (Laughs a musical scale it probably took four years of finishing school to cultivate).

(Photographer arranges Mrs. V. and Fifi for picture—takes same).

BYRD—(Comments)—Fine.

MRS. V.—You'll send up the order for my reception this evening. You know I'm giving cartons for favors—could think of nothing I'd rather give on the opening day. Must get on now. Fifi seems impatient. (exists).

BYRD — (Turns to blonde Bathing Beauty who lounges against window sill)—O. K. for this picture. (B. B. is fully dressed—parades before camera).

BYRD—No, no this is no Sunday

school picnic. We want some exposure. Where are your legs?—I mean why don't you show them? Wear one of those thing-a-me-jigs—you know—a swim suit. (Bathing B. begins to shed clothing piece by piece).

LORD B.—These American morals! (applies monacle).

BYRD—(Grasps overcoat off coat rack and holds it in front of lady—so he can look over himself). Here we'll screen you.

B. B.—Why you dear little John Aldens, never mind the barrel. I always wear a bathing suit underneath in case I meet a difficult cameraman whom I can't leave long enough to change. (All this time she has continued to shed until she steps out in a tight fitting one piece jersey).

CAMERMAN—(Climbing upon desk so as to aim better) Walk across this way please. No, you can get a better walk—pep it up a little—here keep step with this (whistles bit of perky song—tapping foot on desk as takes picture) Your sunburn isn't even.

(Miss Blossom, quite concerned snatches mirror from purse looks at left shoulder—then takes tube of cream from bag and begins to rub it on).

MISS B.—I always carry a bit of extra tan along.

BYRD—Get this Jenkins (dictates) Miss Rose Marie Blossom, flower of 1935's beauty contest season, the owner of those curves you love to touch—(Jenkins snickers)—I mean the curves you love to see—acclaims the new Spiko Smoko as the good form preservative of the future. Now don't you Miss Blossom? Here, sign this little testimonial.

(Man enters carrying cane-umbrella and book satchel—he wears spectacles and looks extremely intelligent).

DR. SAGE—I beg your pardon for being so late. I have been sitting in the hotel for the past hour trying to decide what the Spiko Smoko written on my date pad meant—tried to translate it with a Greek dictionary but finally gave that up. Finally one of my students from the University happened along and was able to help me out.

BYRD—Perfectly all right I assure

you. Jenkins, this is (referring to note pad) Dr. Rufus Warren August Sage, A.B., Cornell; M.A., Harvard and Ph.D., Columbia, at present head of the department of Sociology and Economics of New York University. He is also chairman of the President's latest little letter design, the N. E. B., National Education Bureau, which now sits in Washington. Of course our chairman is sitting this session out, but that's a chairman's privilege. (Thinking) Now what shall he say on the matter.

DR. SAGE—(Pompously winding up for lecture—unfolds pages of notes) Ahem—as a member of the National Education Bureau I wish to advocate the education of the general American public to safer and saner physical habits, I am no authority on health but—

BYRD—(Nudging Jenkins) Just say he says that the educated person realizes the value of Spiko Smoko.

DR. SAGE—(Turning sheet of notes). Modern physiological research proves that—

LORD B. — Sounds like Huxley (Thumbing through pocket dictionary of English literature).

BYRD—(Most gallantly) Thank you Dr. Sage, your testimonial has been most valuable. Won't you sign here.

DR. SAGE—(Signs with a flourish)—at same time still attempting to give his speech) According to authorities concerning the make-up of the human heart (Byrd succeeds in convincing him that he must go).

BYRD—So sorry you can't stay with us longer Dr. Sage but we couldn't think of keeping you away from your official duties (by this time has led him to door and out).

(Jenkins brings forward stern looking woman in a navy blue serge tailored suit who has been sitting calmly in back of office during all this with her hands folded in her lap).

BYRD—(Looking at trusty notes)—This, I gather, is Miss Emilene Arid, president of the National Women's Temperance Society. She advocates Spiko Smoko on the basis that they prevent excessive drinking of harmful beverages,

also, they aid in breaking the drinking habit.

MISS ARID—(Acidly)—If I may be so rude as to ask—just why am I here? BYRD—We should like to have a picture of you with our product. Good publicity for your organization, and of course you realize the vastness of our new market.

MISS ARID—The product?

(Photographer arranges her in stiff pose on straight back chair. Byrd hands her a pack of S. S.—she drops them as though stung) Heavens, no, I shan't smoke.

BYRD—(One moment—only one—off key—then) Of course not, but you realize that every sot in the country will desert bottled spirits for this mild and harmless form, merely because it is new. This should be the saving grace of your organization. (She seems consoled—while Photographer keeps her busy Byrd whispers in Jenkins ear—Jenkins with a sly laugh takes cigarette from pack and lights it).

BYRD—Yes indeed, Miss Arid, you may be assured that every wife in this nation will thank us when their husbands leave off whiskey for cigarettes. The ashes will be bothersome but broken bottles are worse for a neat housekeeper. (In meantime Jenkins has slipped behind Miss Arid and rolls up shirt sleeves and brings his own hand holding lighted cigarette in front of her—her arm had previously been placed behind her by photographer—Byrd keeps her so occupied she does not notice—camera clicks).

BYRD—(Gracefully ushering her out) And rest assured Miss Arid that much of our profit will be given to charity. (attempting sentimentality) Orphans of drunken fathers will thank us—

MISS ARID — (contradictily) But with these you say there will be no more drunken fathers.

BYRD—Quite right, quite right—the reformed fathers of drunken orphans then—(Succeeds in getting her out door with last slip unnoticed).

(At this point the beautiful but temperamental movie actress has stood about as much lack of attention as she can and

decided that the proper time for a tantrum has arrived, nothing else throwable being handy she has begun to throw cigarettes high and low, she succeeds in standing her hair on end by running her hands through it, in fact, she is in a limited fashion in the midst of one of those famous back-set tantrums).

VANETTE MARCELLE—I no wate moment—they tink I have nothing do but hear their foolesh ideas—(super-dramatic) I go.

BYRD—No, no we must get you—(soothingly) just a minute. What do you have to say for Spiko-Smoko?

VANETTE—I forget—you make me angry I forget what I plan say. Call Herman, he tell you.

JENKINS—(At telephone) Herman?

BYRD—Her business manager.

JENKINS—Waldorf Astoria — give me apartments of Vanette Marcelle
Hello—Herman?

VAN.—Here I talk (Seized telephone)
They mean to me. I forget. Tell me what say of cigarettes. Oh, oui, Merci. (Hangs up, turns to Byrd) I say my next husband he must smoke Spiko Smoko. I divorced the last one because of the terrible odor of hees pipe.

BYRD — (Seemingly very pleased)
Very good, Miss Marcelle, and when do you plan to marry this next husband?

VAN.—Why—when I finish ma next pictur. People see name in paper come see pictur.

BYRD—Oui, oui—now for a few poses.

VAN.—(Horried in face of camera)
Non, non, here—(Pulls some pictures from her purse) My private picture man, he do me best.

BYRD—These are very fine—won't you sign here.

VAN.—(Another mood coming on)
Non, tired—

BYRD—But we must have your signature.

VAN.—Leef ma alone—(pushed him away—throws away the paper he had handed her and sinks into chair and silence).

LORD B.—Those French tempers—the channel will never be wide enough to

make England perfectly safe from them.

BYRD—(Mopping brow) What say, Jenkins, this will put it over big?

JENKINS—(Glancing at watch) Five minutes until our radio hour. We must finish these.

BYRD—Yes, yes.

BYRD—(Nudging lazy looking man half asleep in chair) Here Jenkins (refers to paper) is Reggie Lamar, the new national golf champion.

REGGIE—(Half yawning, very unconcerned) Tennis. (Rises but leans against chair as though unable to hold up own weight.)

BYRD—Mr. Lamar finds Spiko Smoko most invigorating and declares that he would never think of playing a round of tennis wi — —

REGGIE—Match.

BYRD—Match without this pause that peps. (Reggie automatically takes paper and signs as though use to much dotted line activity—starts toward door).

BYRD—(Handing him carton of cigarettes from side table) Just a little sample gift.

REGGIE—Oh, no thanks. My trainer would never think of letting me even touch a menthol and my wife doesn't care for smoking. (Stalks out).

ENGLISHMAN—(To self) He looks more like a semi-active chess player.

BYRD—Well, well (Lights cigarette) I need a little pep myself. Ah, these Champagne fags sparkle.

LORD B.—Any port ready yet?

VANETTE—That nasty English vine. Give me Champagne. (Takes one from Byrd).

LORD B.—The French national drink and just like them, you can see straight through it.

VAN.—(Stamps foot). Mister this roode gentleman he insult me.

(Door bursts open. Man with hat on side of head and bag in hand enters).

RADIO A.—Hullo—(Opens bag and begins to unfold microphone—turns it on) Well, well, here we are folks in the downtown office of that already famous although only five hour old firm the Spiko Smoko Tobacco Brewery. Al Byrd himself is here and his business mana-

ger, Tom Jenkins, both are smoking cigarettes from the first package of Spiko Smoko ever to leave the machine. The room is filled with that delicious tobacco wine mingled scent.

JENKINS — (aside to Byrd) Our crooner hasn't come.

BYRD—Stop him (but already)—

RADIO A.—This morning the new Spiko Smoko company has brought to you the new hit crooner of Broadway, Lang Bell, he will sing the Spiko Smoko theme song (sees Jenkins jesturing frantically) Just one minute folks (at same time unfolding portable victrola and finding record) the officials of the company have decided to save that theme song hit until later—just like them to keep us in suspense, eh?—But now he'll sing for you his old favorite and your's too (Looks at record first on one side then other to select title) "Broadway Babies" (Jestures to Jenkins to wind vict. Jenkins does) Here he is! (Puts needle down).

(While music is going on Englishman and Vanette seem to squabble in their corner. Byrd, Jenkins and the Announcer confer. Announcer takes notes. Secretary rushes in every few minutes with telegraphed stock reports which they examine—music stops—announcer rushes back).

RADIO A.—Already folks reports are coming in from all over the world. Spiko Smoko is being given the test which verifies. Reports from Washington show that they were served at the annual president's cabinet meeting this morning. From England comes the news that the Prince of Wales has invested his months' allowance in Spiko Smoko stock. Mahatma Ghandi sends word that he will now be able to prolong his hunger strike for two more months with this nourishing stimulant to keep him going. Mussolini, realizing the strength giving value of this cigarette, has ordered each army kit

to be equipped with a water proof carton. The Lord Duke of Rathburg, who is on his first tour of the United States, reports his visit to the home of Spiko Smoko one of the most interesting parts of his visit—he is here now—and right now he seems to be finding that beautiful Vanette Marcelle equally as interesting. (Both scowl at each other at this and Vanette rushes toward Mike to contradict but is stopped by Jenkins—about this time the crooner arrives)

RADIO ANNOUNCER—Now folks, to climax our short program our crooner, Lang Bell, will sing the Spiko Smoko theme song.

(Crooner sings in true crooner fashion from paper Byrd hands him as he steps before mike).

There comes advancing a lovely face
You'll go romancing with perfect grace,
If you'll but light a Spiko Smoko
You're doggone sure to be a go.

When blues are vanquished and love has come,

Upon you languished, you won't feel
glum,

You'll light a Spiko and whoop it up—
You're sure by heck-o to take the cup.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (Claps vigorously and motions to others in room to clap) Well folks, we must go. Before the day is over we're sure you'll be smoking a Spiko Smoko with us—goodbye—(Gathers material and rushes out without another word)

(Secretary enters with more stock reports).

BYRD—Look! We're coloring the market and how we're going up! Every other best seller in the shade. Oh, boy, Spiko Smoko! (Slaps Lord B. on back) Man we've done it! (Sinks exhausted into chair).

LORD B.—(Beams broadly) By Jove, I believe I shall try one of the infernal things. (Reaches for cigarette as—

Curtain falls.

I Love Bores

By HAZEL BIRCH

I do.

An accomplished bore is one of the most necessary, yet unappreciated persons on earth. Perhaps I first realized his value to society when I began to accept the "bewhiskered" theory that if all persons were perfect, none would be appreciated. And there you are. If all persons were interesting, we would be bored. Fifteen minutes with a bore makes us appreciate our friends and love our enemies; some of our best missionaries have failed to do that.

There are two types of bores, those of the active voice and those of the passive voice. In addition to the universal qualifications mentioned, each class has its own distinct virtues. The passive voice type sits by the hour producing a constant stream of words, words, words that drone monotonously on, on, on in a calmly soothing tone. There is no exertion as the monologue continues to flow naturally and mechanically; he simply turns it on and then goes off and leaves it. The idea usually runs something like this:

I love me—

I love me—

I'm wild about myself.

Tra la la

Tra la la

Tra la, la tra la, tra la —

I doubt if anyone could fill in the "tra la's". At that point the soothing hum invites the listener to lapse into a delightful state of semi-consciousness which quiets the nerves and forces him to accept physical and mental repose. There is no danger of missing a clever remark; the P. V. never makes one. There is no danger of being interrupted; people who want entertainment keep their distance.

The listener need not exert himself at any time; however, to show that he is interested, he may rouse himself at intervals to say, "Well, that's hard to believe,

isn't it?" This remark is always safe as it is adaptable to practically any statement. With practice it may be given a tone that implies sympathy, admiration, surprise, disgust, sarcasm, enthusiasm, contempt, or wonder, and the conversationalist interprets it to meet his conditions.

No doubt the bore of the passive voice has saved many people from the over exertion that leads to nervous breakdowns.

There is nothing restful about the bore of the active voice. He too, talks incessantly, but in a booming voice and threatening tone that challenges you and all within the surrounding territory to listen intently to nothing. This calls for action. A battle of wits is encouraged, and a fascinating game of "Out-Boring the Borer" ensues. If he sings his praises, howl yours. If he mourns over his misfortunes, shriek over yours.

Everything is fair. You might even try offering him a special chair prepared by sawing about an inch from each of the front legs and waxing the seat. A business man reduced the length of time wasted by salesmen 80 per cent with such an invention. It tires a certain set of muscles and serves as a gentle suggestion to the subconscious mind that time waits for no man and home and mother are on the other side of the hill.

The glory of victory and the pride and satisfaction that sweep through the heart and soul as the borer leaves defeated make the superiority complex soar to new heights, and bring a surge of happiness that makes for a perfect day.

No, there is no uncertainty in my mind. The bore of the active voice is invaluable to society, the bore of the passive voice is a necessity, and the bore in general is one of nature's noblemen in disguise. I would ask if you agree with me, but no doubt you would answer, "Well that's hard to believe, isn't it?"

The Game

BY HELEN MARIE SMITH

Pat was ill at ease and most uncomfortable. He tipped his chair lightly against the back rail of the box and watched Isabel talking animatedly with Jim Stevens. The two were in the left front corner of the stall leaning intimately over the rail. Vaguely he wished they'd sit back. There was no racing going on at the moment. He was frankly troubled. The loud speaker was making announcements.

"Five minutes to post time! Five minutes to post time! Do your betting now and avoid the rush! Five minutes to post time."

People were rushing wildly about him, scanning the bulletin board, scurrying to the ticket windows, racing downstairs to inspect the horses. He felt out of place and alone in this swirl of excitement. He'd had that same feeling during the whole month he had been at Isabel's. The rest of the party was busy over racing sheets. His partner nudged him gently in the side.

"What's your bet, sad eyes? Take your eyes off Isabel and give me a little attention. You're only going to marry her, you know." He rallied his wits and tried to appear interested. It was all a part of the game. That's what Isabel had said. He glanced carefully with Betty at the list of entries.

"Come on. Let's go down to the horses." She tugged at his arm and he got up. The party started downstairs. He looked back, but Jim and Isabel did not seem to be coming. The loud speaker was calling warnings again.

"Three minutes to post time! Three minutes to post time! The horses are now leaving the paddocks! Three minutes to post time! Place your bets now! Three minutes to post time!" They hurried to the ticket windows. At random he selected a horse, number three, and made his bet. Back in the box he settled himself in his chair and waited. The horses

paraded. They were at the line, prancing nervously, ready to go.

"What's your bet, Pat?" Isabel glanced up and smiled at him.

"Why uh, number three," he volunteered. The rest of the party displayed a mild interest in him for a moment, then turned to more important things. He was an outsider, and furthermore, an author. They considered him just a little different.

"You aren't betting this time?" he inquired of Isabel, as stiffly he thought as a casual acquaintance might. He didn't know her in this crowd.

"Not this time." She turned away again and he watched. She appeared so bright and fluttery. That described it, fluttery. He wouldn't say she flirted with everyone. It was just a manner they all had.

"Come on, Pat. Show some pep." He jumped up with Betty. They all yelled shrilly, and clapped, and stamped. He did his best. His horse didn't win, of course. They sat down again. Somehow the afternoon passed, a series of running downstairs and back, jumping up and sitting down, yelling frantically for a winner.

"Let's be off." The race was over. Betty took his arm. The others milled around them, forcing them forward.

"Are you coming, Isabel?" he called over his shoulder.

"Run along with Betty. We'll follow you. Everyone is going to Bill's for cock-tails." Some one jammed him in the back and they were lost in a rush for cars. Betty drove, with easy, high powered speed.

"You haven't been very communicative today," she accused him.

"No. I've been wondering."

"Yes, I noticed." She smiled without rancor. They'd become very good friends during the last month. He'd almost seen more of her than he had of his fiancée.

"Why do you suppose she loves me?"

he asked suddenly. Betty glanced at him quizzically. His grave young face wore an expression of deep perplexity. He was twenty-seven, but he was young. Youth clings to some men, and the world treats them kindly for it. "I'm not like any of her friends, you know," he explained.

"You're the coming author, aren't you?" Betty hedged.

"Oh that. I love to write and I just happened to strike the public favorably. I admit the sudden fuss over me was bewildering, then I met Isabel right away, and now—"

"How long have you known her?" Betty interrupted.

"About six months. We became engaged almost at once. She's perfect, isn't she?" He was reassuring his own faith.

"Humm, yes, I suppose so. I'd never thought of her in that light," Betty had to confess.

"You're her best friend," he continued. "Maybe you could tell me. I mean, I don't understand exactly. I've been rushed places every minute since I've been here, and usually with some one else, and— Oh, I like you," he broke off hastily. "I didn't mean that you know. I like you very much. It's just that I haven't seen her at all hardly. You understand." He was confused.

"Surely. I get you. Go on." Betty urged.

"Well now if she'd set a date, and we'd get married, maybe I could see her some, and, well—" His voice trailed off. "She's fine, you know, but I don't feel like I know her at all now. She's always busy with someone else. I love her. I-I—" He stopped, lost in a maze of words. "If you'd help me, well, I don't know exactly what I mean," he floundered helplessly.

Betty clasped the wheel firmly and swirled around a corner. They were almost at the house.

"Pat, I like you or I wouldn't say this. Isabel's my friend. I'm not much good at giving advice, but take it from me, and clear out. You're like a kid. You have a rosy dream that's apt to get smashed." The brakes squealed and Betty hopped out.

"Oh, I say, you don't understand." He

scrambled after her. "All this rush is part of a game, you know. After we get settled and everything—"

"Yeah, I understand. After you get settled! Well, maybe. I've said more than I should. Come on." They were in the midst of the crowd again. Some one thrust cocktails at them. Isabel swirled by, with Bill this time. He broke on her and they danced. Holding her close like that made him feel safer. In this giddy whirl of things and people she seemed far from him. Curiously, she appeared to like it all. He'd asked her once about it—this strong whirl that engulfed them. That was when she told him it was all just a game. He couldn't expect her to give up all her friends for him. No, he admitted that, but then, hang it all, they were engaged. He scowled over her shoulder at an approaching male and swung her out of reach.

"Isabel, when are you going to marry me?" he pleaded in a low voice. She laughed up at him.

"Don't be so woefully serious. This is no time for it."

"You always put me off."

"I'm going to marry you, Pat, my love. Just give me time to straighten things out."

"With Jim Stevens, I guess."

"Now don't be silly. It's all mere play, part of the game, Pat. Come on, smile."

She was whisked away from him. A platinum blond seized him. She was talking something about his art.

"It's just simply too wonderful to have such a famous author right with us, and so young too."

"Yes, yes it is. I mean, it's nice being with you." His face reddened painfully. He'd been watching Isabel. The unknown blond tapped his cheek lightly and was off on her rounds. Pat retreated to a corner. Isabel was having her third cocktail. He didn't know she liked to drink so well.

"Everybody, attention!" Jim Stevens claimed the floor.

"We've a table reserved at the ranch—dinner at ten or thereabouts. Let's all be off now. We'll meet at Isabel's in an hour and go out together. Everybody on their way."

There was a mild applause and another rush for cars. At home he tried to corner Isabel.

"Yes, we'll go out together, darling. Bundle yourself into your tux. I'll beat you dressed." She kissed him lightly, and slipped off to her room. Pat hurried dressing, damning ties and collar-buttons. Maybe they'd have a few moments alone before the mob came. But she didn't finish dressing until after they'd all arrived. He claimed her arm possessively when she appeared, and hung on.

"Let's go, let's go," someone shouted. Pat and Isabel drove out with three other couples; not much privacy there. Jim was with Betty now and telling stories Pat didn't care for, in mixed company anyway. Then Isabel told one and they all started. Pat was actually embarrassed. The ride finally ended and they tramped into the Lodge, waving gaily at friends all around.

Pat seemed to be the only one eating systematically. The others were dancing, running off to speak to people, and flitting back. He even felt shy about it, the eating, but he was hungry and he doggedly finished his meal. Everyone was feeling especially jovial by this time. Champagne has that effect. They made him one of themselves now, slapping him on the back and asking loudly, "How's the author?" or, "Let me get you something," meaning a liquor of some kind.

Isabel was gone again. He looked for her on the dance floor and in the game room, but he couldn't find her. The thought recurred to him ironically; this is part of the game probably. Damn the game. His mind was a confused jumble. Somehow he couldn't get around the barrier between them. He couldn't understand what was wrong.

"Come on, sad eyes. The princess has flown. Dance a step or two with me." He found Betty at his side and meekly obeyed.

"Snap out of it, Pat. You're mooning around like a lost soul. You might as well play the game or you're gone."

If he heard that again he'd tear some one limb from limb.

"Let's get outside," he growled.

"All right, all right. But don't snap at me. I'm friendly and harmless."

They found seats on the dark porch and Pat relaxed a little. A heavy, orange moon hung over the edge of the lake. The pines were forlornly beautiful in the somber half-dark.

"She was crazy about me at first," he said loud. "She'll be different after we're married, don't you think?"

Betty knew of whom he was speaking. Her "Uh—Huh" was non-committal. Sitting there in the blossom-scented night, Pat felt reassured. His dreams mounted again fancifully. Betty was a brick. He'd have been lost without her this last month. They sat there silently for many minutes, each busy with his own thought. Pat felt better every second. He made wonderful plans there. He'd done that sort of thing ever since he'd met Isabel.

After a time a couple came running up the drive from the lake. It was Jim and Isabel. Jim caught her on the steps, and hugged her close, laughing smugly. Pat was raging inside. He wanted to knock the cad down, but he was paralyzed by what was happening before him.

"Are you really going to marry the dead weight?"

"Don't be hard on him, Jim. He means well." Isabel was looking at Jim the way she used to look at him at first. She was letting him hug her. In fact, she was daring him to.

"You'll regret it," Jim warned.

"He's a very nice find, Jim. Think what a comfort it will be to have a husband I don't have to worry about."

"Do you love him?" Jim's breath was short from running and heavy with drink.

"I may, and I may not."

"He won't be much of a hindrance, eh? You won't forget old friends will you?"

"I never forget old friends," Isabel murmured raising her face to Jim's.

Pat shut his eyes. He couldn't look. When he opened them again they were gone. He heard Isabel's light laugh in the hall behind him. His finger nails were digging into his palms. He couldn't speak. They were just playing, just play-

ing, just playing. The words rang dully in his mind. His dreams seemed like hollow mockeries.

"I'm sorry, Pat. I warned you."

Pat nodded dumbly. He was afraid to

speak. In a few moments he stood up.

"I'll take one of the small cars." He hesitated. "Tell her—tell her I can never learn to play her game, will you?" He pressed Betty's hand tightly and was gone down the drive.

GOING ON

*If I had wings,
I'd fly and fly,
And never stop
To touch the sky.*

*But keep on going,
On and on,
To stand a while
At God's own throne.*

*And then keep going
Up and up,
Drink water from
The sky's big cup.*

*And keep on going,
High and high,
To reach the last rim
Of the sky.*

*I'd not stop there,
Or not for long,
For I'd be used
To going on.*

—Frances Houser '38



Poetry

SUNSET AND EVENING STAR

*Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me;
I can hear the humming of the car,
My love's sweet face I see.*

*But I have to listen to my mother,
She cautions me not to roam.
She says that she had so much rather
That I stay home.*

*Semi-darkness and the moon—
A low-slung open car.
I can't resist the spell of June—
I won't go very far.*

*Cold rain, the engine goes dead
I'm almost tearing my hair!
I hope my family has gone to bed,
When I creep up the stair!*

—Helen Hall '37.

APOLOGIES TO DOROTHY PARKER

*Life is a glorious cycle of noise,
A medley of intemperate wishing,
Love is a thing that is nil without
boys,
And I am about to go fishing.*

—Frances Houser '38

STAR-LIGHT STAR-BRIGHT

*Bright star, lone star, first star of the
night,
Glittering gem of yellowish white,
You tiny speck in azure vastness
Fixed in your place with firm stead-
fastness.*

*I made a wish to you, then scanned the
sky
To find another star, or else I
Lost my wish. But while I searched, the
memory
Of you, proud, alone in space, drew me
Again. I looked, and lost my wish. But
it was worth
The cost. For you had given birth
To a quartet of starlets.*

—Sara Hammonds '37.

DAY IN MAY

*Heat, a blanket, holding fragrant honey-
suckle bloom,
Filling up the universe like light within
a room,
Sweating horse's hoofs upon the blazing
flagstones lagging
Toiling students on the dusty paths, un-
willing, dragging.*

—Frances Houser '38



REVOLT AGAINST CHILD PSYCHOLOGY

*I am so glad that I was born,
Some twenty years ago,
Before most parents reared babes by
Psychology—just so.*

*I grieve to think what kids now miss—
When baby bumps his head,
And weeping goes to seek a kiss
To heal the spot so red.*

*Instead his mother coldly eyes
Her baby's deep distress—
"It doesn't hurt," she blandly lies,
And offers no caress.*

*No matter how she longs to take
Her baby in her arms,
She doesn't dare—lest she should break
The laws and do great harm.*

*I used to find such great delight
In fairy tales of splendor,
The princess loved the gallant knight—
The story was so tender.*

*The fairies could, with gauzy wings
Hold colorful rainbow gleams;
They'd bring their magic woodland
things*

To charm me in my dreams.

*And if I lost my tooth by chance
And hid it in the bed—
They'd come and in a circle dance
And leave a dime instead.*

*But children of today must learn
To face reality—
Their stories have a decided turn
Towards geography.*

*But there's some good in everything
And so it is in this—
It makes a child secure and brings
Him to a perfect bliss.*

*For punishment is wrong, they say
"Just try the current trend."
Kids got a lucky break the day
Spankings came to an end!*

—Elizabeth Baldwin '35



THE TALE OF A MODERN MATCH

Of young Lots o' Dough and his story
 now heed;
 Of all the new roadsters his had the most
 speed,
 And with his good looks he fairly well
 shone.
 He rode through our town, but he rode
 all alone,
 So handsome of face and full worthy of
 show,
 There never was a man like the young
 Lots o' Dough.
 He stopped not for traffic, he stopped not
 for lights;
 He sped down main street all day and
 all night;
 Once he lighted where lived a fair maid,
 But no more of that her stern father
 had said
 As he swore to his wife a thousand times
 no,
 Ne'er to give his fair Ellen to young
 Lots o' Dough.
 So secretly met at the corner drug store
 These two to make plans while stern
 father did snore.
 The pair were so happy and smiled as
 he said
 "A thing or maybe two we'll show to
 your dad;
 Away we shall ride, and soon we'll be
 wed
 While he's fast asleep at home in his bed.
 We'll reach the state line and quickly
 awake
 Some good preacher fellow who'll see
 what's at stake.
 And since he was once just as young as
 are we,
 He'll make us as one; how happy we'll
 be.
 Then you'll be my bride and we'll let the
 world know
 There's none who's more lucky than
 young Lots o' Dough."
 The next night he comes to her window
 at ten,
 And Ellen so quickly the trellis de-
 scends;
 With whispers and words both of cau-
 tion and fears
 They 'scape in the roadster before her
 dad hears.
 Now drive like the wind for an hour
 or so,
 And Ellen can wed her young Lots 'o
 Dough.
 But wait! There's a sound in the still
 of the night,
 Oh Fate, take pity on them in their
 flight;
 A swerve to the left and bang in the
 rear,
 There's trouble to strike down their
 hopes with great fear,
 Out leaps the young man and he changes
 a screw,
 But all is now fixed just as dad is in
 view.
 They cross the state line with her dad
 in pursuit,
 But let him shout loudly or threaten to
 shoot;
 For now they are married and nothing
 can change
 Their love for each other or their lives
 rearrange;
 Her dad may disown her, but we all may
 know
 That Ellen is happy; she's got Lots 'o
 Dough.

—Sara Bell '37



Scribes' Page

*I forget sometimes. So placid this love is,
And days can crowd your image from
my brain,
The loveliness you spread beneath my
feet
Has never seared nor burned with
beauty's pain.*

*Accustomed is the sweetness of your
face,*

*It does not shock nor brilliant blind the
eyes;*

*So well I know the wisdom of your words
You cannot jolt nor sting me with sur-
prise.*

*And yet . . . when worn and wearied
much with living,*

*I damn the world, as I am wont to do,
I find peace dropping from your finger-
tips,*

*And I am humbled on my knees to you.
Thus is your heart my one—my real
abode,*

The rest are only inns along the road.

—Helen Smart '35.

ENVY

*Lapping the sky with your silver wings,
Floating through space as your lover
sings,*

*While he sways on a twittering spray
Of blossoms that match his mirthful lay.*

*Heaven is above with its perplexity
Earth below with its harsh reality,
Between them you poise in sublime
nothingness*

*God showed you, little bird, naught but
kindness.*

*To be able to rise to the thin cool air
And feel no pressure of earthly care—
There without hope or thought or fear
Alone in the sky, crystal clear.*

*A bird only can this state attain
Man must always be thoughtful and sane
Pondering on earth or on heaven afar—
Oh—to be a bird—and fly toward a star.*

—A Cook.

TO THE MAPLE

*Like the day you come and go in a med-
ley of color.*

*As the red of the sunrise
Streaks the morning skies
And greets each living thing
That opens sleepy eyes—
So you at dawn of spring
With tiny shoots of red
Welcome gaily all
Awakening from winter's bed.*

*Again as sunset bids
A glorious farewell
To all the world
That lies beneath its spell
So you in autumn
Say in brightest splendor
Good-bye to this your day
And wait another summer.*

—Alice Cook

TO MY VERSE

*This is my shield; a pillow 'neath
my head;*

*This pouring out of words to meet my
need.*

*This is my strength—my blessed and
daily bread—*

*The bread on which both mind and heart
may feed.*

*This is my crown—its thorns bear
blood-red stain,
For words may wound and scar as well
as heal;*

*Yet does this joy give dignity to pain—
To speak, to write the things I think
and feel.*

*This is my sword. Its keen and temp-
ered blade
Cuts cords that bind this spirit to the
earth.*

*By this I rise. By all the songs I've
made
My heart is cleansed and strengthened
in rebirth.*

*This is the gift the gods have sent to
me—
This is the star that brightens up my
night.*

*By this I soar, by this I am set free.
This is the torch that floods my life with
light.*

—Helen Smart '35.



